

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## A Prayer

Give me a good digestion, Lord,  
And also something to digest.  
Give me a healthy body, Lord,  
With sense to keep it at its best.

Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,  
To keep the good and pure in sight,  
Which seeing sin is not appalled,  
But finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bored,  
That does not whimper, whine, or sigh,  
Don't let me worry overmuch  
About the fussy thing called I.

Give me a sense of humor, Lord,  
Give me the grace to see a joke,  
To get some happiness from life,  
And pass it on to other folk.

—New York Journal.

## Jim's Bobbed

By Edmund Moberly

The day's work was done at the Dalton-creek dam. Fred Worth, after a hearty supper with his comrades of the engineering corps, was enjoying the beauty of the September moonlight before seeking his bunk in the rough quarters of the engineers. As he passed the blacksmith shop, the sound of hammering caught his attention. Jim MacWilliams, the transit-man, was busily at work.

"Why this nocturnal industry?" asked Fred.

MacWilliams stopped and pointed to something that looked like a bobbed with wheels instead of runners. "I'm going to coast through the pipe line to Steelport before the water is turned on," he said. "The line is really nothing but an iron tunnel with just enough grade to carry me down to the mills."

"How about the dips and curves?"

"There's where I expect to get my thrill."

"You're welcome to 'em," Fred declared.

"Spare your pity, son; I ran the instrument from end to end on that pipe line, and I know the kinks in it better than the chap that put them on the blue prints, and I'm going to try this stunt the first chance I get."

"That raceabout of yours will fly to pieces before you've gone half way."

"That raceabout is better than she looks," replied MacWilliams. "Owens has been working on her in odd moments. I just stopped in tonight to tune her up."

Fred left the blacksmith shop and in a short time found himself upon the dam.

The Dalton-creek dam was a vast engineering project. The engineers had chosen a point where the hills on the sides of the stream, converged to a gap scarcely two hundred yards wide. Across the gap the dam had risen until now the top of it was ninety feet above the bed of the creek. When the work was finished, the valley would be transformed into a lake extending five miles up the stream.

The great pipe line to conduct the water from the dam to the mills at Steelport, five miles away, was built of sections of iron pipe four feet in diameter. It had been completed and buried in its miles of trench, and all that remained visible of it was its open end yawning in what would some day be the bottom of the lake.

The next day Fred found MacWilliams wearing a woebegone expression. "What's wrong now, Jim?" he asked.

"Mr. Curtis has queered my little coasting party," he said. "When we quit work this evening, I carried the coaster down to the tool house at the mouth of the pipe line, and he spotted me."

"What did he say?"

"He said he wasn't running a circus, and that, if I took the risk of getting myself laid up by a stunt like that, he would run me out of the job so fast I wouldn't get my breath for a week."

"I'm glad he stopped you in time to save your neck," said Fred.

"Oh, stow it! You're a chronic crepe-hanger," Jim growled as he strolled away toward the bunk house. As Fred followed he noticed signs of something unusual among the men. Of the hundreds of workers the greater number had come in from their jobs on the dam, and others were coming; but instead of washing up for supper and throwing themselves down on their bunks for a few minutes of

rest, many of them stood talking in groups, and there were here and there excited gestures and other evidences of hot argument.

"What's the matter with the men, Joe?" Fred asked one of their number who was standing a little apart.

"Oh, they've been listening to a lot of guff from two or three of those fellows that Mr. Curtis hired through the Seattle labor agency. They're Reds, and they've been trying to stir up trouble ever since they've been on the job—kicking about grub and pay and everything else. The sooner they're fired the better. They're riffraff, the whole bunch of 'em."

When Fred emerged from the bunk house the next morning, he found the chief engineer in a heated argument with a group of laborers.

"You know the wages you signed up for," Fred heard him say, "and you know mighty well that they're better than this kind of construction job usually pays. You've got good bunks and good mattresses, and I feed you well. If you aren't satisfied, you can take your time and get out."

"We want more money," was the stolid reply of one of the men.

"You'll get no more on this job," said Curtis and turned to enter the shanty in which he had his office.

Among the men was a burly, stoop-shouldered fellow, who seemed to be a leader. As Curtis started toward his office, this fellow was deliberately and purposely slow in getting out of his path, so that the engineer accidentally jostled him slightly. Without the slightest warning, and with no words, the man aimed a vicious blow at his boss, but Curtis was too quick for him. His fist flew out like a whip-lash, and the man staggered back under the impact. As soon as he regained his balance, he grabbed a pick handle that was leaning against the building and made a rush.

But before he could reach Curtis, Owens, the big blacksmith, who was standing near, felled him with a heavy blow. Then the storm broke. All the gang that had come to the job with the man who had first struck at the engineer, and many others, made a concerted rush towards the blacksmith, and in a few moments, the engineering force and the few workmen in the group who remained loyal—some fifteen in all—found themselves in a rough and tumble battle with four times their number.

At a word from Curtis, they retreated into his office.

The crowd outside battered at the flimsy door that was slammed in their faces, and the men inside hastily got together what weapons they could against the moment when their ramshackle citadel would be forced.

The tripods of transit and level were hastily taken apart, and their steel-pointed legs furnished six serviceable pikes. Two baseball bats standing in the office were pressed into service as war clubs. Those weapons constituted the sole armament of the besieged.

The frail door soon gave away, and the men, now wholly under the sway of mob fury, began to swarm into the room.

The bats in the hands of the blacksmith and the chief engineer accounted for the first two men that got through the door. The next two ran against the points of some of the improvised pikes, and, howling with pain, were slammed back into the mass of their fellows, who began to fall back. Those who had been knocked over by the bats were rolled over the threshold and the door was propped into place and a desk set against it.

The sight of their unconscious comrades seemed to rouse the mob to a new pitch of frenzy, and they began to shower stones upon the office. The glass in the window was soon broken out, and the defenders were forced to keep out of sight.

Of the several hundred laborers at the dam, not more than sixty had any part in the riot, but the peaceable ones had no desire to get mixed up with the law or to fight the others, and so, at the first sign of trouble, most of them had ducked into their shanties, where they kept out of sight.

The inability of the defenders to reply to the stones that were hurled at them encouraged the rioters. One of them drew a revolver and began to fire. Two or three others followed, and the bullets, cutting through the frail walls of the office as if they had been paper, made the situation of the little group inside exceedingly perilous.

A heavy stone came hurtling through the window and knocked the telephone from the drafting table on which it had stood. Curtis hastily snatched it up, rattled the hook, and put the receiver to his ear.

"Dead!" he exclaimed after a vain wait.

The wrecking of the telephone made it impossible to summon help from Steelport. There was no telling to what lengths the frenzied mob would go. If they should turn to pillage and arson, there was danger that the lives of the whole group in the drafting office would be lost, or at least that so much equipment would be destroyed as to make it impossible to finish the dam that fall.

Fred Worth, crouched on the floor under the drafting table, suddenly thought of Jim's coaster lying in the tool house at the mouth of the pipe line. Here was a quick way of getting to Steelport. MacWilliams felt sure it could be done. After some hesitation, Fred decided to try it.

Fearing that his attempt would be stopped, he said nothing to his comrades about what he intended to do, but the moment there was a lull in the stone throwing, and before anyone could prevent him, he leaped upon the drafting table, kicked out what remained of the sash in the window, and jumped through the opening.

As soon as the mob caught sight of him, they rushed. He darted round the corner of the office and dashed down the slope of the dam. Half a dozen shots followed him; and one or two sang by within a foot of his head. His heart was thumping wildly.

He rushed to the tool house and opened the door. There lay the coaster where MacWilliams had left it. He snatched it to the open end of the great pipe and shoved it in. One glance over his shoulder was enough to show him that several of the rioters almost within reach of him. Throwing himself face down upon the coaster, he plunged into the darkness.

The initial gradient of the pipe was slight, and at first Fred gathered headway slowly, but at the end of a few hundred yards the line made a sharp dip, and there the speed at once became terrific. The darkness was absolute.

It seemed to Fred that he dashed on for hours. Occasionally a slight up-grade served to cut down his speed a little, but the dip always seemed to make it worse.

The coaster rose to the top of a long slope tipped over the peak, and gathered a still more frightful speed. It was the sharp dip under the river. That past, the sickening velocity began to drop, but the most dangerous moment of all was at hand—the moment when the coaster should clear the end of the pipe.

At last Fred's straining eyes beheld a tiny slat of light ahead. It seemed to rush toward him and to grow as it came. He dragged his feet and felt the coaster slacken in speed. The disk of light grew nearer. A few more hundred feet, and the boy and the vehicle flashed out into the glare of daylight.

Badly shaken up, but with no broken bones, Fred climbed out of the trench and hurried toward the steel mills.

Fred had not even finished his breathless story before Carnes had the sheriff and the general foreman on the telephone and his deputy with a truck-load of husky, well-armed guards were on their way.

They reached the dam none too soon.

When they got there smoke was already issuing from the sleeping quarters of the engineering corps, and the rioters were about to fire some other structures; but the show of force by the sheriff's party soon sent them scuttling.

Everybody praised Fred's part in the rescue except MacWilliams. "Confound you, Worth, you're a regular pirate!" he said. "After I put my time and money in that coaster, you go and swipe it and get all the glory. If I had known what you were going to do I'd have beaten you to it."

"You can have the next trip; once is enough for me," said Fred.

## Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 178 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

### TORONTO TIDINGS

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Doyle spent the week-end of August 8th, with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bell in Oshawa.

Mr. A. C. Shepherd, of the post office department, commenced his three weeks' vacation on August 10th and, with his family and two sisters, is spending the greater part of his time at their cottage at Wasaga Beach.

Miss Pearl Herman has returned from her sojourn with the Walter Bell family at Bala, Muskoka, much tanned in appearance.

The "Frats" held their annual picnic at Centre Island on August 8th, and a fair crowd turned out. Mr. John T. Shilton won a beautiful clock as one of the prize winners. Among the outside visitors noticed there were Messrs. Howard Lloyd, of Brantford, Elwood McBrien, of Peterboro, and George Pepper, of London.

Mrs. John E. Crough and children, who have been down visiting her mother, Mrs. Alexander Buchan, Sr., and other relatives during the past month, have returned to their home in Walkerville.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Watt and Mrs. H. W. Roberts journeyed up to Lashington on August 14th, where they spent that afternoon very pleasantly with Mrs. R. C. Slater. We are pleased to say that Mrs. Slater is looking very well. Close to her home are two newly erected homes, recently built by her son-in-law, Mr. Ernest Peterkin.

Mrs. Arthur Bowen and her twin daughters, the Misses Esther and Margaret Bowen, left on August 8th, for a two weeks' vacation with relatives and friends in Cookstown, Churchill and other parts of Simcoe County.

Mr. Willie Law, only son of Mr. Theodore Law, of San Diego, Cal., is now down visiting relatives in this city and neighborhood. He was a tottling chap when he left these parts for the Sunset slope, but now he is in manhood's blooming flower.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Watt and Mr. John T. Shilton to tea at "Mora Glen," on August 12th, then Mr. and Mrs. Watt duplicated the pleasure by having the same bunch in for tea at their home two days later.

Mr. Shilton told us of his wonderful trip to Boston and back.

The Young Peoples' Society of our Church held their annual picnic at Centre Island on August 15th, and a very enjoyable time was enjoyed by the large turnout. Games of varied descriptions were reeled off and plenty of eats were provided. Mr. John T. Shilton was on hand to encourage the boys and girls, and the weather-man was also in sympathy with the crowd by loaning a perfect day.

Miss Mary Kinsman has returned to her duties here, after enjoying her vacation at her parental home near Swinton Park and other points in the open spaces.

Great was the surprise that greeted Mrs. Henry Whealy at our service on Sunday, August 9th, when her eldest and well-known son, Mr. Herbert Whealy, modestly went into the pulpit and gave one of the finest sermons we have had the pleasure to enjoy in a long time. Mrs. Whealy had been in a front pew viewing the hymn, "I need Thee every hour, most Precious Lord," which she and Mrs. W. R. Watt gracefully rendered in unison, and it sure was a double joy to her to behold her son helping in the Lord's Vineyard. Platform convenor Roberts, knowing what a fine Bible student Mr. Whealy was, persuaded him to speak at one of our "open day" services. This was over two months ago, and Mr. Whealy chose this date, with the understanding that it was to be kept absolutely quiet, hence the great surprise to his mother and all the rest.

Mr. Whealy, in his sermon, forcefully drove home many very important prophecies, that the prophets of old told would happen in the course of time, and such Biblical quotations have since asserted the truth. Nothing can change from the word of

God nor can anything be hidden from His view. Though we often try to hide our sins and guilt from common mortals' sight or knowledge; still God knows it all. We hope to have Mr. Whealy speak again in the near future.

### WATERLOO WEEK-BITS

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Williams and children were in Elmira for the week-end of August 8th, visiting the Forsythe family.

We regret to learn that Mrs. J. A. Moynihan was forced to take to her bed on account of a sudden illness, but the latest news is that she is around again.

Miss Apollonia Prus and her sister and Mr. Gordon Meyer, of Kitchener, were entertained to tea at the Moynihans in Waterloo, on August 2d.

Mr. Allan Nahrgang, who has been boarding on Weber Street, East, for some time past, has moved to another locality in Kitchener.

Mr. John A. Moynihan, who has been ill for over a month, has now gone to Brookville, Pa., for a month's visit to his only sister, Mrs. H. C. Beach, and his brother, Con. It is now over twenty-nine years since John and Con. saw each other last, and what a meeting it was as they embraced each other again, amid great rejoicing.

Miss Apollonia Prus observed her fourteenth birthday on August 22d. She is a very fine girl, with a perfect build, and just before returning home from the Belleville School last June, she was presented to the Hon. George S. Henry, Premier of Ontario.

We learn, at this writing time, that Mr. Albert Sless, who has been down in this locality for the past two months, has gone to his home in Pontiac, Mich., to see if work is available, and if not, he says he will be back here again on a sixty days' grace.

Mrs. Newton Black has returned home, after a delightful visit with the Balls, Riberyds and Sadovs in Detroit, as well as other places of interest in that vicinity.

### MONTREAL MENTIONS

Upon his return from his enforced vacation in Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa and the Laurentian Mountains, Mr. Reginald T. Garner was lucky, in view of the general depression, to land a good position with a firm of photo engravers and artists. We trust he will manage to hold it down.

Quite a good many of the delegates to the Boston convention came over and visited this city before returning to their far-away homes, some of whom we regret we failed to meet and extend the glad hand.

A group of jolly chaps, Messrs. Reggie Garner, Alexander Gervais and Jean P. Gratian, recently spent a very restful time on the lake in the mountains of the Laurentian chain, fishing and boating all day long—and were lucky to bring home some dandy pike, weighing from five to ten pounds each. Surely they were some anglers. By the way, Messrs. Garner and Gervais are working together in the same studio.

### OWEN SOUND OPTIONS

Mr. Victor Reading, late of Redickville, is now employed by a florist in this city.

We regret to say that Mrs. Hugh R. Carson is still bothered with her rheumatic ailment, and is unable to get around much, except in her wheel chair. Mr. Carson is greatly devoted to her and never complains of the great care he places upon his wife, knowing that the greatest happiness is found in trying to make others happy.

Miss Alma Brown and her brother, T. Herbert Brown, have often entertained company at their parental home, but never before had they such a pleasant crowd of their dear friends gathered at their place near Markdale on August 16th. On this happy occasion the ever-tactile Alma and her husky brother did themselves great honor, when they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Alex. B. McCaul and daughter, Jean, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts and Mr. Roy Bowen, all of Toronto, and Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Averall and son, Joffre, of Cookstown, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Middleton, of Horning Mills, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Braithwaite and daughter, Marion, of Windsor, Mr. and Mrs. James Green and the former's mother, of Chesley. It was a jolly

bunch. Early in the afternoon, the entire crowd, including Alma and Herbert, Brown, left on the twenty-two mile trip to this city in four automobiles, to attend the service in the Pentecostal Assembly Hall, which Mr. H. W. Roberts conducted.

Another visitor to this meeting was Mr. Cunningham Crerar, of Chesley, who motored in with his mother and brother, John. Cunningham is a very bright and well-built, strapping young man, who graduated from the Belleville School two years ago. He has a lucrative job in looking after the public school in his section, as well as assisting his brother on the old homestead three miles north of Chesley. We were all pleased to meet him, who handed your reporter a subscription for the JOURNAL.

Mr. George Goulding, of Mount Forest, was in this city lately, on a business and pleasure trip.

This was the first time the Averalls and Braithwaites, as well as Messrs. Alex. B. McCaul and Roy Bowen, had ever seen this city, and they were much interested in its quaint and picturesque surroundings.

After the Roberts meeting, the four cardinals who came up from Markdale, drove out to a cool spot in Harrison Park, where they enjoyed a good evening meal on the choice eats they brought along with them, and afterwards motored out to see the much-discussed Ingles Falls, that were a miniature Niagara Falls. After this, they all left for their homes.

We were delighted to meet the very affable Mrs. Green, of Chesley, who came up to the Roberts meeting with her son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James Green, to meet her only daughter and granddaughter, Mrs. Alex. McCaul and Jean, from Toronto, and what a pleasant meeting it was. Mrs. Green, Sr., who is well known and greatly liked by legions of the deaf, has seen and experienced much association with the deaf that she is convinced that the combined system is the best and safest method of conversing with the deaf. We heartily concur with her.

The largest assembly of the deaf ever held in this city was the gathering at the Roberts service here on August 16th, when a crowd of the deaf of this city and countryside that numbered close into forty were entertained to a good sermon, on "The Great Mystery," by Mr. H. W. Roberts, who described Christ's meaning that the deaf shall not sleep according to the chronicles. During the service, Miss Alma Brown very pleasantly and acceptably rendered "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," while Mr. Wm. Corbett rendered The Lord's Prayer.

On their way up from Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McCaul and daughter, Jean, and Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, with Mr. Roy Bowen at the wheel, motored over the Toronto, Orangeville and Owen Sound Highway No. 10, and on passing Dundalk, they saw our deaf friend, Mr. Joseph Coutts, in the door of his home, but could not attract his attention. We are sorry he and his deaf sister lost their father by death not long ago.

On hearing Fleshterton, the party had to detour around a whole section that afforded rough-shod traveling, but came through safely. On their return they followed the Averall and Braithwaite cars through Markdale to Fleshterton, then took the better road to Singhampton and the Middleton home, where they bade their other friends goodbye and then beat it for Toronto, through Horning Mills and Orangeville No. 10 Highway, arriving home safely in the wee, sma' hours of the morn, very thankful to young Roy Bowen for carefully steering the "ship" safely over the 130-mile run.

It was a late hour when they struck the outskirts of Singhampton, that they thought they would be violating the rules of etiquette to call and rouse our good old friend, Mr. John Taylor, from his peaceful slumbers at such an unearthly hour, so quietly passed along.

### GENERAL GLEANINGS

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Braithwaite and daughter, Marion, of Windsor, motored down to Cookstown on August 14th, and spent the day most pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Averall.

Mr. J. A. Braithwaite got in Ancaster in time to attend his sister's funeral, lately. He was in Fullarton at the time and the message was sent

to Windsor, then relayed to Horning Mills and again relayed to John at Fullarton.

Mr. Bruce Yarrow, of Belleville, and his folks, have been sojourning under canvas on the lake front at Colborne for a couple of weeks lately. Bruce hopes to pick up work in Colborne soon.

The Walter Bell family, of Oshawa, have returned home from their summer cottage at Bala in far-famed Muskoka. Mr. Bell was kept busy on the press in Oshawa most of the time, but went up to the summer cottage at every chance.

Bear in mind that Mr. George W. Reeves, of Toronto, will be the chief speaker at the Labor Day service in London on September 6th, and indications point to a mammoth crowd. Mr. J. T. Shilton will speak in Hamilton on September 27th, Mr. Braithwaite, of Sarnia, will be in Sarnia on September 20th, Mr. W. R. Watt in Owen Sound on the 13th, and Mr. H. E. Grooms in Brantford on the 20th. And as these various speakers are well-known orators, there should be good and enthusiastic crowds at each respective gathering.

On August 9th, a good bunch of the deaf gathered at the mission meeting place in Oshawa, where Mr. Wesley Ellis, of Toronto, was to have addressed them, but this chap failed to turn up, much to the consternation of the crowd. However, Mr. Walter Bell, of that city, stepped into the breach at the last moment and gratified the assemblage with a fine sermon. Why Mr. Ellis failed to carry out his appointment is still unknown at this writing.

It was just twenty-nine years ago when Mr. J. Urson Johnson, of Barrie, led to the altar Miss Blanche Maud Thomas, of Toronto. The marriage took place in the bride's sister's summer home near Port Carling in Muskoka, with Mrs. John R. Byrne—then Miss Annie Fraser, of Toronto—interpreting. At that time, Mr. Johnson was employed by the Barrie Electric Light Co., but today is in the Barrie Tannery. One child, now Miss Gladys Johnson, came to bless this union.

While passing through Belleville on his way home from his round trip to the Boston convention lately, Mr. John T. Shilton, of Toronto, chanced to see our good old friend and former teacher, Prof. George F. Stewart, at the front door of his home, welcoming a couple of tourists, and it was Mr. Shilton's intention to yell out a cordial "hello" greeting to Mr. Stewart, as the bus, on which Mr. Shilton was a passenger was passing, but refrained when he saw the visitors. How it makes us think of Mr. Stewart, who has now been superannuated, that it was he who gave his very best time and efforts in promoting our welfare in a thousand and one ways, and all this in spite of his physical troubles. He was a most faithful servant in our cause, and now it is our duty to hold him in reverence, as well as a score or more of our faithful teachers and officers of the "Noble Band."

H. W. ROBERTS.

### The Kerbau's Sensitive Nose

Malay bullfighters are not like those we are accustomed to read about. The contestants are generally water buffaloes—animals that, says Mr. Carveth Wells in Asia, the Malays call kerbau.

A kerbau, or carabao, as it is often written in English, makes, continues Mr. Wells, a white man's life miserable because he does not like the white man's smell, though he doesn't mind the smell of a Chinese or a Malay. If you think you have no smell, just go near a kerbau! He not only sees you a long way off, but he instantly begins to sniff the air. Then he lays his ears back and rushes at you. I remember once being chased out of a rice field by a kerbau. The rice was growing in deep mud, and I was rushing along up to my knees, with the great animal floundering behind me. While I was shrieking for help a little Malay boy about four years old and quite naked ran up, caught the bull by the nose and led him away! Never in my life had I felt such a fool.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, AUGUST 27, 1931

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor  
WM. A. RENNERT, Assistant Editor

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and 10th Avenue, New York City) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS

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### CONTRIBUTIONS

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and business letters, to be sent to the

### DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

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"He's true to God who's true to man: Whenever wrong is done To the dumbest and the weakest 'Neath the all-beholding sun, That wrong is also done to us, And they are slaves most base, Whose love of right is for themselves, And not for all the race."

### Physical Training

ONE of the greatest influences for the welfare of the individual is physical training, and combined with outdoor games its effect upon character is both salutary and permanent.

Much has been written about the overemphasis of athletic contests that are estimated by the size of the "gate," but that fails of application when focused upon schools for the deaf—they have never been overburdened by gate receipts at any public contests that have been held, even if a vigorous hallyhoo has been one of the preliminaries.

The Wackford Squeers system of educating the young has long been outlawed. Professor Squeers would tell his cringing pupil to spell "win-der—w-i-n-d-e-r—now go and wash it." Charles Dickens, the great author of the Nineteenth Century, obliterated that plan of servitude that was little less than slavery. So that nowadays there is nothing in schooling that produces servility. Instead there is the broad-minded system upon which a useful and a happy life is built.

Any educator will tell you that mental development and the inculcation of knowledge are the main thing, but that such *disiderata* are accomplished more readily and satisfactorily if the body is healthful as well as the mind.

Recognition of the value of games is shown in the kindergarten classes at the very outset, in training the intellect of little children who have just reached school age.

The boys soon yearn for games in the open air, and through all their lives an enthusiastic ardor for contests results, and bodily health and vigor reinforce their mental tasks in the schoolroom. As a consequence, they become fair-minded, alert and courageous, characteristics that help them along in life and guarantee a successful career.

Therefore, it is a great pleasure to note the accession to the student ranks at Gallaudet College of promising material for the football team, the basketball court, and the baseball diamond. Fulfilling entrance conditions, though they may not become heroes, they certainly will augment both wholesome activity and helpful enthusiasm into college life. Whatever the opportunities may be, they will be fully utilized by mind and heart and ability; for the breadth of educational training will have begotten confidence, grit and determination, which helps the boys to realize that "success in life does not consist in holding a good hand, but in playing a poor hand well."

### Four Swimming Records Fall At Meet For Deaf-Mutes

MURKBERG, GERMANY, Aug. 22.—Four meet records were bettered today in the third international swimming meet for the deaf and dumb athletes. Talome, of France, swam the 100-meter free style in 1 minute 6 seconds; Seitz, of Germany, hung up a new mark for the 100-meter breast stroke of 1 minute 29.3-10 seconds, and Weiss, of Germany, swam the 1,500-meter free style in 25 minutes 12.10 seconds. Germany also won the 300-meter relay. —Herald-Tribune.

## The Capital City

The scheduled play of the Degree Team of Washington Division, No. 46, on Wednesday evening, August 19th, came off with flying colors. At eight-thirty the program got under way and a whole crowd came in to fill the empty seats. First on the program was "Comin' thru the Rye," with Miss Clara Wheeler and Mr. Roger Scott as principals. Roger was dressed in typical Scottish attire—kilts, socks and hat. Their rendition brought forth a hearty round of applause.

Next was a sort of comedy "Honey-mooners, Chapter II." Messrs. Ed. Harmon and Werdig played the parts of the Mr. and Mrs.

A good crowd was on hand to witness this play and all were loud in their praises of the way the play was conducted.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis C. Lovett were pleasantly surprised by the visit of Mrs. Lovett's mother and brother, from Reading, Pa., and also by Mr. and Mrs. Myer Lipman, of Cortland, N. Y., staying with them over the week-end.

At the Degree Team's play there were several visitors from out of town. Mr. Flood brought Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Chowin, of Lincoln, Neb.; Mrs. Edith O'Brien and Miss Emma Marshall, of Omaha, Neb.; and Mrs. Lowell brought Mrs. Tarry, of Chester, Pa. Mr. McCall came from Baltimore in his Ford sedan, bringing for company Mr. and Mrs. Brushwood and their daughter.

At this play Mr. Edward Harmon was most pleasantly surprised by the advent of his brother-in-law, Mr. McVernon, of Frederick. Mr. McVernon called Edward down to his auto. Much surprised and a little apprehensive Edward went, and there was his mother and his sister, from Pittsburgh, and his deaf sister, Mrs. McVernon, from Frederick, not to mention their two children and his hearing sister's daughter. All of them came to make a surprise call on Mr. and Mrs. Harmon, and imagine their surprise when they found nobody home at Edward's.

Mr. McVernon took a chance guess and made for N. A. Masonic Temple, where he was rewarded for his intuition. They, however, missed the first act of the Honey-mooners, but enjoyed what they did see.

Mr. John S. Edelen spent his thirty days vacation mostly in his own premises at Congress Heights, reconditioning his garage and shed and putting new concrete foundations under both, before winter sets in. Most of the time he worked alone. With plenty of outdoor sunshine and air, he has taken on more weight and has hardened his muscles quite a bit.

Mrs. Robert Smoak with her two sons, Leslie and Jimmie, took in a two weeks' vacation at Ocean City, Va. The vacation did them all good.

Mr. McCall and Mr. and Mrs. Leitner, from Baltimore, recently called upon the Alleys. They had a talk-fest and one of the things McCall complained of was the way the Canadian border agents searched all cars. Mr. Alley said he avoided that nuisance by writing beforehand what he had bought in Canada before he arrived at the border station. When the agent read the paper he passed them on right away, for that Mr. Alley had bought in Canada, and said so on this paper, was "Gas."

Mr. and Mrs. John Flood and their family was one of the "ghost visitors" to the Boston convention. They went, they saw, and they came back, all unharmed or unbeknownst, among the deaf that were going until they came back. They said they certainly enjoyed the trip and the way they put one over on their friends.

Mrs. Lowell is not destined to be lonesome this summer. The first part of the summer, Mrs. Nicholson from Virginia kept her company. When it was time for Mrs. Nicholson to cut short her pleasant stay, Mrs. Tarry from Chester, Pa., came and took her place.

Miss Edith Nelson is now back at Gallaudet College, looking after her precious library and the less precious buildings, after one month spent along the Atlantic sea coast in the State of New Jersey, and also in visiting her college mates along her route.

Mrs. Nicholson recently left for Norfolk, Va., with her daughter, to meet her son, who is in the navy. This is the first time her son has been able to get shore leave for some time, so she did not much cherish the idea of passing over the chance of seeing her boy once more.

Mr. and Mrs. Flood are again made grandparents, by the arrival of a daughter to their daughter, Gladys. Congratulations are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Mudel over the addition to their family.

During this week, the Civil Service conducted file clerk examinations. In Washington alone there were over 9,000 applicants, and all over the country a total of 32,000 applicants for only 1,000 vacancies. Among those making a try at this examination were Mr. Wallace Edington and Mr. Payne, formerly boys' supervisor at the Kentucky school and one time player on the Goodyear Silents' football team. What their luck was, even they would like to know.

On Sunday, August 16th, over eighty deaf from Baltimore took a boat ride to Seaside Park—formerly

Chesapeake Beach. Over thirty deaf people went to this place from Washington, and all reported a very nice time, the weather being ideal for such a ride on the water.

Mr. and Mrs. John Flood had as their house guests Mr. and Mrs. Chowin, Mrs. Edith O'Brien and Miss Emma Marshall, all from Nebraska. Mr. Chowin is a master mechanic at the University of Nebraska, and he is deaf too! Mrs. O'Brien and Miss Marshall are employed by the Nebraska School for the Deaf, the former as a boys' supervisor and the latter as a teacher.

Mr. H. L. Tracy has arrived in Washington after making a hurried trip to Iowa to his aged mother's bedside.

Mr. and Mrs. Wortman have moved to an apartment at C Street N. E. They like their new apartment very much.

Mrs. Werdig's nieces, Mina' Clerc and Carolina Hartsell, and also her nephew, Francis Hartsell, are in Washington for a visit to their grandmother. They all went to see the Degree Team's play on Wednesday, August 19th, and seemed to enjoy it immensely.

Washington Division's (No. 46) advertised excursion to Seaside Park now goes on record as Mr. R. Smoak's Railroad Ride to Seaside Park and Back. The day was far from ideal—except for ducks. From late in the morning, and all day long, it rained. About fifty hardy souls braved the weather to take in the ride and get wet at the same time. Although nothing was running that day, due to the weather and size of crowd, those who went enjoyed themselves on the train with talk and cards. Most went to take in the ride and they got two hours' ride and a two hours' wait on the track. So those who went got a bargain entertainment for only fifty cents and carfare.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant have decided to investigate the wonders of the State of Massachusetts, so they took themselves for a ride over the Mohawk Trail, and they reported that nothing had been exaggerated about the scenery along the trail through the Berkshire Hills.

ROBERT WERDIG.

109 13th St., S.E.

### One Bullet Wounds Brother and Sister

Joseph Hamilton, 18, deaf-mute, and his sister, Ellen, 23, both natives of the lower West Coast, were wounded by a single bullet fired by a fisherman during an argument in a fishing shack on Turks Key in the Ten Thousand Islands, south of Everglades, Fla., at noon yesterday.

Six hours later, they arrived at Jackson Memorial hospital, she with a bullet wound in her left wrist, and he with a wound in his abdomen. They had received emergency treatment at Everglades before continuing to Miami.

The brother and sister were members of a boating party which had stopped at the fishing shack on Turks Key to obtain gasoline. J. B. Rowland, state's investigator learned. What caused the difference between the fisherman and the deaf-mute victim could not be learned.

The sister named the assailant, and told the investigator that he fired after her brother had leaped at him.

"I caught Joe around the waist when he started for the other man," the girl said, "and was holding Joe tight when the other man fired the gun. Then I felt a sting in my left wrist and saw the blood."

"Joe can't hear or talk, but he can read lips, and I think he understood the other man had cursed him, and he just can't stand that," the girl said. Both victims are children of Eugene Hamilton, a deputy sheriff of Monroe County.

It took the boating party three hours sailing to reach first medical aid at Everglades. Here the two victims received emergency treatment and then accompanied G. A. Russell, of that town, to Miami in a motor car. Hamilton was operated on immediately. His condition this morning was reported as serious. —Miami Herald, Aug. 20.

### The Perfect Servant

It seems to us that the perfect servant—has been identified. As a matter of fact he would have been more satisfactory even to his master if he had been less perfect and a little more human.

Dickens used to tell a story of his biographer, John Forster. Forster had a devoted and skillful servant, Henry, who was always most correct in everything he did. It was therefore astonishing one night when Forster was entertaining several writers at dinner to see the scrupulous Henry make error after error. He upset a plate of soup, and Forster uttered a cry of alarm. He forgot to serve the sauce for the fish, and his master said, "Why, Henry!"

Altogether he made the excellent dinner seem a slovenly and poor repast. When at the end of it he leaned over Forster's chair and said in a tremulous voice: "Please, sir, can you spare me now? My house has been on fire for the last two hours."

## NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York. A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

### UNION LEAGUE BUS RIDE AND OUTING

Sunday, August 16th, rolled around beautifully, and it was the day of all days for the bus ride and outing of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League to Lake Ronkonkoma, L. I.

Three de luxe Fifth Avenue coaches, with a capacity of twenty-nine seats each, called to take the members and their wives or friends at 9:30 A.M.

The trip was fifty-three miles each way, and the scenery all along the route was very beautiful. We passed through many towns, villages, farms and two airports—Roosevelt and Brentwood flying fields. A very large airplane factory was observed and large machinery could be seen through the windows.

At noon, we arrived at the lake, and all got out of the buses. Almost all had their lunch and the pavilion resembled a restaurant in the city, except that we helped ourselves. The trip and the air surely made us hungry as bears and all had plenty to eat—even for supper.

Many others came with their friends in cars and there were over 120 present. Some were there early and did not know just where we would stop and had to wait till the buses arrived.

A baseball field was available in back of the pavilion, and two teams were made up with Johnny Funk and Artie Taber as captains. The game ended after five innings were played. Movies were taken by Max Lubin while the teams were in action.

Over thirty were in bathing suits and all gathered in the lake for a swim. Large balls were on hand for water polo and all joined in the fun.

Joe Mortiller, the chairman of the Outing Committee, was all smiles. Some hired row-boats, and Sam Frankenheim was in one of them and those who were in the water crowded around the boat to have movies of themselves taken.

Traffic was rather heavy when we neared New York, and we arrived at the club rooms at 11 o'clock.

The committee who arranged this gala affair was: Joe Mortiller, Arnie Cohn, Ike Kopolowitz, Allie Hurwitz, Issy Blumenthal, and yours truly, —JAKE SELTZER.

The Picnic Committee of Brooklyn Division No. 23, N. F. S. D., has completed its final arrangements and assures the deaf world that greater enjoyment will be derived there than before, as much of interest, the tag-of-war, fat-men's race, running races and games, will be maintained to higher degree. There will be an act of vaudeville from Broadway theatres. Why miss a great time! There will be a baseball game! Dancing will have different classes and valuable prizes will be offered to the winners. Onward to Ulmer Park, August 29th.

Mrs. Julius Seandel, who summered at Golden's Ridge, N. Y., returned home on the 20th inst. The two children—one the son of Mr. and Mrs. O. Kremen—though they had a fine time, were glad to return because they could use their bicycles, which they had left behind.

Little Malvine Fischer is now camping somewhere in Massachusetts with many other girls. Though she is deaf, she is getting along splendidly with the aid of her city neighbor.

Mrs. Henry Peters and her two children (Seymour and Marilyn), and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mamie Kaminsky (Rita), are up in the country for two weeks. The place is at Livingston Manor, N. Y.

Alex Mirol, for the second time, has been discharged from the Harlem Hospital, where he was a patient. He now is able to go about with the aid of a cane.

Mrs. Martin L. Glynn and grandson motored to Boston, where they will locate at Wollaston, Mass., to spend a week or two with her folks.

Logg—Unveiling of monument to the memory of Rachel, at New Mount Carmel Cemetery, Sunday, September 6th, at 3 o'clock. In case of rain following Sunday.

The Brownsville Silents will have an outing to Indian Point, N. Y., on Sunday morning, September 6th, at 8:30. Indoor baseball and other games. Prizes. All are welcome.

Mrs. Max Lubin and Mrs. Henry Plapinger, and their respective daughters, have rented a bungalow at West Saugerties in the Catskills and will stay until Labor Day.

Miss Betty Austin is at Ocean Grove, N. J., with her aunt. Mesdames Haight and Ward were also there. All are enjoying the ocean breeze.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Elkin and Miss M. Hitz left on August 23d for Nesconset, Suffolk Co., to remain for two weeks.

A card locates Sidney Winegard at Youngville, N. Y.

The silver wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Gerson Taube was celebrated in the form of a surprise party at their home on Long Island, on Saturday evening, August 15th, and attended by their friends. Silverware was presented to the couple. It touched their hearts deeply and they were at a loss to express their thanks. A dainty repast was served, and games, as they liked them, were played. Issy Blumenthal started the mirth-making affair, and it was enough to make a river overflow. Abie Eisenberg told how he became bow-legged, and much to everybody's surprise, it was this story:

"When he was twenty-five years old, he had a new job and lost it in two weeks, through no fault of his own. As he was hunting for a new job and his funds were low, he conceived the idea of stealing his niece's tricycle and used it for transportation in trying to get a position. His legs were so long that he became 'bow-legged Abie.' The party broke up when the milkman dropped a bottle at the door. Those present were Messrs. and Mesdames Irving Blumenthal, Nicholas Auerbach, Abraham Eisenberg, Nathan Dobsavage, Weinberg, of Paterson, N. J.; Louis Baker, Henry Plapinger, Moses Eisen, Abraham Stein, Metzger; Mesdames Mollie Mayer, Toohy, O'Grady, I. Kopolowitz, and Messrs. Mendel Berman, Louis Hagen, Jacob Landau, S. Lieberman, M. Oppenheim, C. Klein, and Miss Celia Epstein.

Altor L. (Seddy) Sedlowsky, well known to New Yorkers, had an argument with a Pontiac on August 12th and came out second best. He was taken to the Sisters' Hospital in Buffalo, N. Y., where he remained a couple of days before being taken home, where he is at present recuperating. Aside from two fractures on left shoulder bones, Seddy escaped permanent injury, but he was badly bruised all over when the car knocked him against an iron lamp post. Six stitches were taken in his scalp and other minor bruises taped over. He expects to be on his feet in a couple more weeks.

The death of William Brewer was a result of gripe which he contracted about a month ago. He did not die on his bed, but could walk around and talk until death claimed him. He will be much missed at home, as well as by the many people at Mt. Vernon who knew him. He was a good and faithful son and his mother grieves that he has left his home forever.

Lillie Kurz, the four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Kurz, on Thursday, August 13th, suddenly became sick. A doctor was called, but he was unable to decide what ailed the child, so he notified the Board of Health. After about four hours waiting, the parents were told that she had a touch of infantile paralysis, and she was sent to a hospital. She is at this writing out of danger, and in two weeks will be restored to her fond parents.

Mrs. Jack Ebin was suddenly stricken with appendicitis and had a surgical operation for same at the Parkside Hospital in Glen Cove, L. I., on Saturday, August 15th. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ebin have been summering in a bungalow all summer with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Yager. Jack is the president of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

After the recent Frat convention in Boston, Mrs. Gertrude Kent was a passenger on one of the Air Transport planes and flew back to this city. She must have felt that she was on top of the world below, and believes there's an unexplored region above.

Mrs. Ethel Schwing was operated on for tumor at the Presbyterian Hospital recently, and is now out after being laid up for five weeks. Her two children, Perry and Viola, have kept the home fires burning since they graduated from Fanwood.

Mr. Al Wirshberg has been under the doctor's care for the last three weeks, as the result of a minor operation for carbuncle at the St. Luke's Hospital. He is improving now and will be back at his post on *The Sun* before long.

While their two little daughters were at Cedarhurst, L. I., for a two weeks' vacation, Mr. and Mrs. Israel Solomon renewed their old-time fun by making the rounds of the amusement places, and were seen at Brighton Beach four times when it was too hot to sit on park benches.

### Deaf-Mutes Elope; Wed by City Clerk

Robert F. Wilson, twenty-seven, of 502 Riverside Drive, subway constructor and son of James L. Wilson, was married yesterday to Alice M. Altmayer, twenty-three, of 375 Riverside Drive. She is the daughter of Sanders Altmayer. The wedding was performed by City Clerk Michael J. Cruise, in the Municipal Chapel and was witnessed by two city clerks. Their parents were unaware of the marriage. Both are deaf and dumb. —American, Aug. 23.

It's well to have a few definite convictions, so that you won't have to think twice about everything.

## PHILADELPHIA

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

On August 13th last, Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Stevens received another surprise visit from friends of Carlisle, Pa. The party came by motor and consisted of Mrs. A. J. McKeehan (Mrs. Stevens' sister, Miss Freda Kistler), friend of Mrs. McKeehan, Mr. and Mrs. Harry R. Spahr and Mr. F. L. Sheaffer. They returned home the following day by way of Valley Forge, where they visited the Washington Memorial Chapel. It goes without saying that they enjoyed the trip both ways.

Mrs. Jeanette Speece, who left here early in the summer to visit relatives and friends in New York State, was heard from recently by Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stevens and located in Rensselaer, opposite Albany. It is possible that Mr. Speece will sooner or later rejoin his wife at the above place and bring her back.

Mrs. Raymond Douchney visited Atlantic City in company with Mrs. Fries and granddaughters on August 7th. By the way, Mr. Douchney has already completed six years as sexton of All Souls' Church for the Deaf. Though deaf, he is not considered totally so, but he is withal an agreeable servant of the church. He was surely a good find.

Rev. Mr. Smaltz was in the pulpit of All Souls' Church and administered Holy Communion on Sunday 16th inst. A slight limp was about all that showed in his carriage since the recent injury to his left foot.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Gunkel are spending a fortnight at Wildwood, N. J. We deeply regret to say that Mr. Gunkel's eyesight does not seem to have improved any in the last few years. He seems, otherwise, as well as one can be.

The forthcoming fiftieth anniversary celebration meeting of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf is now close at hand, but we still have no information to pass out. Consult the official announcements in the JOURNAL.

Mrs. Emma J. Dantzer and Mrs. Kate Hoopes are both conducting cottages at Wildwood, N. J., but they do not board visitors, unless by special arrangement. Both have their quota of visitors over the week-ends.

Rumor has it that the mother of Mr. William McIntyre, of Philadelphia and Wildwood, N. J., is ill and in a precarious condition. Further details are lacking, except that she has been removed to a hospital. Mr. McIntyre has a large and comfortable cottage at Wildwood and lives there with his wife and child.

Mr. Jacob Lupot, one of our old-time deaf and a tailor by occupation, is said to be dangerously ill in the hospital at Coatesville, Pa., where he has been living for a number of years. His condition, which is complicated, was aggravated by a fall he sustained on reaching home from the seashore recently. His recovery is giving his friends much concern, but we sincerely hope that improvement will come ere long. His faithful wife is with him and trying her utmost to see him through. May she succeed.

A report was received that Mr. Sam. Kauffman, well-known in the interior of the State as one of the older deaf, fell off a farm-wagon and fractured a thigh. He has a wife and grown children. He is now confined to his home in Soudersburg, Lancaster Co., Pa.

We have received vague rumors that our former schoolmate, Mr. Samuel S. Haas, of Shamokin, Pa., is not his former self any more, due to growing age, which makes his occupation at a mine base unsuited to him. Will our old schoolmate come forward and state the facts? In his earlier days, Mr. Haas was one of the big fellows of the P. S. A. D., though his occupation made him less conspicuous than Messrs. Ziegler, Allabough, Teegarden, Davidson, et al.

Mr. Earl Butts, of Reading, Pa., is visiting in this city and stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Stover at Collingswood. He is on his way to Cape May and other seaside resorts and expects to return in a week.

Rev. Mr. Smaltz officiated at All Souls' Church this Sunday, 23d.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Paul enjoy frequent week-end trips to the seashore. Their last trip was on Sunday, 16th, and to Wildwood.

### Harrisburg, Pa., Convention

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4TH  
1 to 6 P.M.—Registration, Hotel Harrisburg  
7 to 11 P.M.—Opening Session, Fahnstock Hall  
Addresses of Welcome  
Reception  
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5TH  
9 to 12 noon—Business Meeting, Fahnstock Hall  
Addresses  
Annual Reports  
Election of Three Managers  
Reorganization of Board  
Election of Officers  
1:30 P.M.—Photo on Capitol Steps  
2 P.M.—Sight-Seeing in Capitol  
2:30 P.M.—Movies at Fahnstock Hall  
Special Films for the Deaf  
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6TH  
Morning—Religious Services in various churches  
Afternoon—Bathing at Island Beach. Sight-Seeing  
Evening—Memorial Services, Fahnstock Hall  
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7TH  
9 A.M.—Final Session, Fahnstock Hall  
11 A.M.—Picnic at Reservoir Park  
HENRY J. POLYVA, Secretary

## OHIO

News items for this column can be sent to Miss B. Edgar, 56 Latta Ave., Columbus, O.

In the September number of *Hygeia* there is an article "I'm Hard of Hearing," by Lillian Curtis (an assumed name), that will gladden the hearts of all the deaf and should be read by everyone interested in the deaf. The writer is hard-of-hearing and has a deaf sister who was educated in a school for the deaf, and her article states the truthful facts about the deaf and their sign-language and their general welfare. The same magazine has had many articles in the past, upholding lip-reading for the deafened, and it was a relief to read an article praising the use of the sign-language. *Hygeia* is published by the American Medical Association, and the September number is called, the School Number, and has much in it about children and their health.

The Columbus deaf were greatly shocked when they heard that Donald Miller, aged seventeen, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Miller (Myra Wilt), had been instantly killed.

The youth was riding on the rear of a truck driven by a neighbor in Reynoldsburg. The truck was towing a corn husker. Donald decided to try riding the husker and gave a leap, missing it, and the wheels of the husker passed over his head, causing almost instant death. Donald would have entered the junior class in the Reynoldsburg High School this fall. He was an active member of the boy scouts of the village, and members of his troop acted as pall-bearers at the funeral at his home on August 18th. Mr. and Mrs. Miller are both products of the Ohio school. Mr. Miller is employed at the State bindery. Their many Columbus friends hastened to their home soon after hearing of the accident to extend their sympathy. Aside from the parents, the devoted grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Miller, survive.

Today's papers announce the coming marriage of Dorothea, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Zorn, to Mr. Loren Windom, of Columbus. The marriage, which will be a quiet home affair, will take place Saturday, August 22d and culminates in a long courtship for the happy couple. Both are graduates of Ohio State University. Mr. Windom graduated from the law department and is now associated with a well-known Columbus law firm. The couple, after a motor trip, will make their home in Columbus.

Mrs. Anna Yeager, one of the Danville deaf teachers, died August 11th, at her daughter's home. Many of the Cincinnati deaf, who knew her well, attended her funeral at Covington, Ky. She was on a year's leave of absence, owing to ill health.

At the annual Labor Day outing at St. Rita school, Lockland, the home handicraft, made by the boys of the school, are to be sold to help the annual visiting day feast funds.

Mrs. Pettipiece, of Canada, with her daughter, has been visiting relatives in and near Cincinnati since June, as has been Mrs. Pettipiece's custom every two years. Both will return to Canada in time for the daughter's school.

Mr. and Mrs. George Burrow, of Chicago, on their way home from Boston, stopped at a niece's home in Norwood, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bacheberle were invited to a dinner at the niece's home. Later in the evening several of the Cincinnati deaf called to meet the Chicago couple.

Miss Angelina Pierulla, of Columbus, took in an excursion to Cincinnati one Sunday and dined with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bacheberle. At one of the parks she had the pleasure of meeting many deaf friends. Miss Pierulla loves Cincinnati—all but the streets—and these she thinks are horrid.

Mr. C. Bender, after a stay in a Cincinnati hospital for some stomach trouble, is now able to stand part-time work, with his dutiful wife taking him to and from his place of business. From what I have heard Mr. Bender was taken sick suddenly and rushed to the hospital. A good physician and a good wife have brought him around to almost normal condition.

Mrs. Max Crittenden, of Detroit, with her little son, has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ratner, in Mansfield. Mrs. Crittenden (Minnie Blickman) lived in Columbus before her marriage.

Mr. Wylie Ross, of Cincinnati, has the sympathy of many friends upon the loss of his father, who died in July after seven weeks' illness.

August 15th, quite a large crowd gathered at the seventy-five-year-old church adjoining the grounds of the Ohio Home and spent the afternoon talking of old times, when what is now the Home was a Presbyterian college. No doubt, many marveled at the ability of the Ohio deaf to enlarge, improve and maintain such a fine home for their aged and infirm deaf.

Mr. Ernest Zell and his sister, Miss Ethelburga Zell, of Columbus, have been enjoying a few weeks' motor trip in the West, with a stop in Chicago as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Meehan. Mr. and Mrs. Matthew (Dorothy) Durant are rejoicing over the arrival at their home of a wee daughter.



## CHICAGO

Ring the cymbals; sound the tocsin; beat the drums! George "Whale" Walnoha is admitted to the "prep" class of Gallaudet College this fall, despite his two conditions. Reading and rhetoric, I believe. This welcome news comes authoritatively from no less a personage than the coach who developed him—Robey Burns. Burns, who was Grand Sergeant at the Boston Frat convention, has been spending several weeks with his mother in Washington, D. C.

The Gallaudet coach, Prof. Theo. Hughes—who has evolved really creditable teams from meager, mediocre material—is highly enthused over his chance to make a famous forward-passer of the only deaf lad who ever won a medal in the Stagg National Schoolboy championships this summer. Walnoha's flinging of the javelin—despite a painfully injured throwing arm—brought him wide renown. Jack Elder, Notre Dame's famous half-back, now a sports writer on the *Chicago Herald and Examiner*, is particularly interested in Chicago's famous silent, and prophesies a brilliant future.

As we write this, comes a letter from Andy Mack in California, expressing the hope our "Whale" will flip a fin in the Gallaudet pond and spout ambergris touchdowns. Mack, who is college correspondent for this *JOURNAL*, with Bill Lange, of Albany, another student, have speedometered some 4,000 miles in their Ford of prehistoric vintage since college closed, and write they plan to drop off here in Caponeville to get a look-see at their new human-juggernaut, Walnoha.

As it is rumored that famous Kansan fullback, Johnnie Ringle—the pride of old Ed Foltz's heart—may be ineligible for the team this fall, Walnoha's admittance is a Godsend to chubby little "Ted" Hughes. In 1929, Ringle was second only to Masters, of Dartmouth, among all Eastern intercollegiate scorers. Gallaudet boosters are hoping the faculty will "have a heart" and look the other way, when Ringle comes up for re-examination. With two Illinois men to run interference for him—Walnoha and Jimmie Rayhill, the track dashman—Ringle should lead the nation, if those good, nice, kind, benevolent, broad-minded professors will only give him one more chance, please, pretty-please!

Coach Hughes don't seem to know it, but Illinois sends his another possible star this fall. He is Johnnie Leicht, Waukegan's human-clothes-pole, standing some 6-ft. 5-in. or so. Leicht is a crack basketball center and high hurdler. With his height, and facility for catching a ball, Hughes may be able to develop him into a wiz at snagging the passes Ringle and Walnoha have.

Deafdom will watch the football results printed in the Sunday papers this fall with bated breath.

Leo Fischer's "Sidelines" column in the *Chicago American* of the 15th, says: "Something novel in track meets is to be held next week in Nuremberg, Germany. Deaf-mutes from all parts of Europe will take part in a six-day program of track and field, swimming, tennis and boxing. Sixteen nations will be represented by 316 athletes, all of whom are defraying their own expenses." That is the meet Coach Robey Burns tried to secure a "backer" to dispatch Walnoha to, at our State convention, but without result.

It is against the *JOURNAL* policy to publish anonymous correspondence. Therefore we can't see our way to print the following, which some irate reader sent in:—

"Because their hubbys are out of a job, a few wives have turned needy peddlers. Why can't the men do the dirty work themselves?"

From rumors reaching this office, it seems such is indeed the case. Knowing that the N. F. S. D. rightly "fires" any Prater caught peddling (and by N. A. D. defines the word to mean offering something useless for an exorbitant price, through a sense of pity) several local men are rumored to have persuaded their wives to "peddle." One woman rang the bell of the flat of a deaf couple.

Mrs. Walter Whitson has just left the Evanston Hospital after a severe case of malaria—supposed to have been contracted during her vacation on Topeka, Kan. The Whitsons plan to remove to Rockford, shortly, where Walter will assume charge of the agency there of a Chicago Fire Insurance Company.

Our former townsman, Edwin M. Hazen—now known as Omaha's parliamentary king—was in town early this month. He was accompanied by that petite and popular pocket-edition of Noah Webster—Miss Irene J. Schifano, the Pittsburgh correspondent. It is said they are to be married in Pittsburgh, September 12th. Edwin always was lucky in whatever he undertook, and friends who met the bubbling little Mrs. to-be unanimously commend his good taste.

Grace Knight Hoffman, postcarding from California, speaks of the nice weather—117 degrees. Yet some of our fellow-townsmen rant and rage when the mercury hits a meager 93.

Among our prominent visitors, August 16th, were Prelow D. Munger, the Cleveland writer, and his good-natured wife. They were taking a two-week auto tour, and prior to com-

ing here had called on Deafdom's king of poets—Hetz! Hetzler—now a marble cutter in Muncie, Ind. "I fear I am going to lose my job—times are so hard that pretty soon people will cease dying, just to save money," is the typical way he puts it. They called on Mrs. George Leavitt in Peoria, and brought her to see the Lincoln relics in Springfield, the old school in Jacksonville, and the sights of Chicago. Mrs. Leavitt then went back home, while the Mungers chugged Eastwards, intending to call on friends along the route as far as some place called Altoona, Pa.

The Fredo Hymans are back. Following Boston, aboard "Bob's Blasted Bouncer," they spent some time with their daughter, Mina, now the wife of a wealthy businessman near New York City.

Mrs. Meagher and son spent a few days down State with the Franklin Sawyers at Leland; reporting the Sawyers have now equipped the farm with electric light and power. Rubes are accumulating nearly all the advantages of Big City life—and now that the movies have gone "squawkie," there really seems small advantage in living in the populous areas.

The Edward Carlsons, the Emery Horns and Mrs. Frederick Meinken attended the big Decatur picnic on the 9th, where they report Mrs. Peter Harris an invalid.

The Gus Andersons had a large party on their farm at Arlington, the 15th, attended by several auto-loads of locals.

The Walter Michaels are spending the summer at their sumptuous summer home, thirteen miles from Muskegon, Mich., having friends in relays. Among recent sojourners there were Mrs. Meagher and son, Miss Nelson, Carl Magnusson, the Duluth delegate, and others. Former Chicagoans meeting them were Helen Franklin Riordan and her husband, now of Grand Rapids; McGinnes and H. Sweet. The Riordans treated their former townsmen to a picnic and a dinner party.

Jimmie Meagher is back from two weeks at "Foltz Fairland"—an annual camp of the "Intelligentsia" down in Kansas, near the Oklahoma border. The Foltz party parked their car here to take "Bob's Bouncer" to Boston, and on returning bundled Jimmie aboard to convince him Kansas City is a fit and proper place to hold the 1935 Grand Convention of the N. F. S. D. Jimmie is temporarily, at least—semi-official-bomb-thrower for the "Casey" convention. Foltz proved a clever cuss—he introduced Jimmie to all the pretty girls in and around K. C., before talking terms; as a consequence Meagher will be lucky if he gets more than the cost of his postage stamps for all the writing he may do.

Chicago League of Hebrew Deaf enjoyed its picnic, Sunday, August 16th, at Schiller Park, a Forest Preserve one mile west of Irving Park Avenue car terminal. Simultaneously, Chicago Silents had a baseball match against Acacia Park Athletic Club, one mile east of the C. L. H. D. picnic. The former lost, the score being 5-9. After its close, the baseball fans went over to swell the family of picnickers. Nothing untoward could be commented on except for the quiet pleasure of social intercourse, as this C. L. H. D. omitted summer meetings.

On returning from Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin found their dog, jumping at them with unrestrained joy at the dog hospital, where they left it for safe keeping for one week and a half. This half-grown collie, however, developed distemper, which was suspected to have been caught at the hospital, and it gained such a headway that the dog had to be put to death a week later. Mrs. Jacobson's grief was assuaged by a surprise visit of her childhood playmate and life-long friend, Mrs. Lois Muselman, who hailed from Dayton, O., and remained in Chicago for two weeks. The Jacobsons had a full round table for company for three consecutive days.

Miss Rose Budnitsky was operated for appendicitis at Michael Reese Hospital, August 7th, and recovered sufficiently to return home on the 17th. Mrs. Walter Hodgson, after an interim of one week at Chicago, left for Missouri to visit her mother on the farm for one month, beginning August 7th. She will probably be followed by her husband, Walter, who is figuring on leaving August 22d.

The Parish Hall, located on Leland and Racine, reopened Sunday, August 16th, with church services.

Frederick Hinrichs, you win! You may now join the Club of Isaac Waltonians. The correspondent received from him a photo postal of a fish twenty feet long and ten feet in diameter, which he explained he caught, and weighed in, only to find that he had to throw it back, being too small according to Michigan rules.

Frank Johnson, former supervisor at the Iowa deaf school, received a card from Prof. Marty, of the State school, last week, requesting him to attend the convention of the Iowa Association of the Deaf at Mason City, Ia., but he regrets his inability to be present, because his firm granted his request to attend the Rockford (Ill.) convention last July several times, so he would not pique the firm again by asking for his permission to go to Mason City.

Miss Lottie Hitchcock enjoyed a visit from T. Allison, hailing from Texas, last week for a stay with his son. They had a pleasant chat about

the doing of their deaf friends and crop and business conditions in Texas. Then he left for Michigan for a visit with his daughter while on his return to his home.

D. T. Cloud, superintendent of the Illinois School for the Deaf in Jacksonville, spent the week-end in Olathe as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Jones, whose daughter is a teacher at the State school.

Extensive repairs are being made on the administration building at the school for the deaf at Olathe, Kan. The right wing has lost all of its porch, temporarily, as new ones are to be built immediately. Employees have been busy all summer painting interior and doing the routine repair work. It is hoped that the front entrance steps will also be rebuilt.

Cards have been mailed out to the Catholic dean to attend mass, held by Rev. Andrew Cook, Sunday, August 23d, at 8 A.M., for the first time since he was appointed to the place of Rev. O'Brien.

John W. Verity, a helper at the M. E. Mission, has been for a long time and is still sick. His friends are entertaining hope for his recovery.

A lawn party will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sharpnack, Saturday evening, August 29th. Those who attend will bring lunch baskets.

Mrs. Chas. Green received a letter from Mrs. Frank Ncyens, visiting with her son in Oklahoma, after touring through St. Louis, Memphis and Texas. She is on her way back to her home in Davenport, Ia.

Joe Kohl, an eighty-two year old deaf man, whose home is in Steffenville, Mont., visiting his daughter, near Rock Island, Ill., was killed by a freight train last week while crossing the track.

"Rev." Zollinger conducted a service at the M. E. Mission Sunday, August 16th, with a fair attendance, his wife closing it with a hymn.

A free picnic was held by Epworth League at Jackson Park, Saturday, August 15th, with a fair attendance, due to the fact that many were kept away by the business depression.

Mr. Sterling's brother, with his children, surprised him by coming from Wisconsin in his automobile last week. It is rumored Peter Scott was married July 4th to a Miss Marion Lundberg, of Minneapolis, who came here on an excursion ticket for the ceremony.

Mrs. Harvey, sister of Spokane's Jim O'Leary, visited a week with the Ben O'Learys before returning to her California home.

The Melville Cox family spent a week vacationing in Wisconsin.

Blowing at a terrific gale, a severe storm of wind and rain swept over Delavan and vicinity late Saturday afternoon, blowing down a number of trees, and also many huge branches, both in Delavan and the surrounding territory, and for a time, threatening electric and telephone service.

At the Delavan inlet, the tents at both roller skating rinks were blown down, badly torn and a considerable amount of damage resulted to the floors of the rinks.

The Wisconsin deaf school suffered more or less from the storm.

Mrs. Minnie Rice, of Minneapolis, spent the first of the week at the Dr. F. A. Rice home and with her brother, George Budde, at Delavan, Wis. She recently received the appointment of matron at the State school for the deaf at Fairbault, Minn., where she will assume her duties in the near future. She left here Tuesday evening for that place. Mrs. Rice was formerly matron at a girls' school in Minneapolis.

Mrs. Ida Sundstrom and Miss Florence Sundstrom, residing at Fairbault, Minn., spent Friday in Delavan at the Paul Lange home, on their way to Indiana, where they will visit relatives. They will spend several days in Delavan on their return trip about August 24th.

Miss Loretta Oryall, who graduated from the Wisconsin State school in June, has returned to the institution as an employee.

THIRD FLAT.  
3348 W. Harrison St.

"Deaf-Mute Hero"

At Twelfth Avenue and 135th Street Gas Service Station there is a deaf-mute employed, named Harry Moskowit.

On Monday, August 17th, a motorist stopped for gas. He was attended by one of the employees. How it began was not learned, but suddenly there was a flame, and had no help arrived in time, the said employee would have lost his life. Harry Moskowit was among three others who came to his assistance. Harry and the three others were all severely burnt about their bodies, Harry, the worst of all. His employer is now paying full salary while he is recovering. Besides, Harry is to receive sick benefit from the National Fraternal Society, of which he is a member.

Pacific Northwest Services  
Rev. Olof Hanson, Missionary

Seattle: Wilhelmina Chapel of St. Mark's Cathedral, first and third Sunday each month, 11 A.M.  
Tacoma: Christ Church North Third and K Streets, September 13th, 1:15 P.M.  
Vancouver, Wash.: St. Luke's, October 25th.  
Portland, Ore.: St. Stephen's, October 25th.

## SEATTLE

Mrs. Mattie Adams Brown, the devoted mother of Mrs. Edna Bertram, passed away shortly after 3 P.M., on August 5th, at a private nursing home. She had been a great sufferer for three years, and her daughter took loving care of her, maintaining her at the home, and visiting her daily. She was kept supplied with flowers and books, and for over a year, Mrs. Bertram had refused to be away from the city over night, in case her mother might call her. She was with her the twenty-four hours preceding the end, and saw her close her eyes in the last long sleep. The funeral was held from a small and home-like undertaking place on North 36th Street, and the Rev. Mr. Mook, of Trinity, read the service. As there were several deaf people present, Dr. Hanson upon request gave the blessing in the sign-language. There were many lovely flowers, and the funeral had an air of tranquil hope, Mrs. Brown's face wearing a look of perfect peace, and even a faint smile. The body was cremated, and the ashes strewn, on beautiful Puget Sound, in accordance with Mrs. Brown's wishes. She always loved Puget Sound.

Oscar Sanders, our returned frat delegate, gave an interesting account of the sights he saw in his trip east to Boston at the P. S. A. D. meeting on August 8th. In Chicago he visited Jimmie and Freida Meagher, saw Jack Seipp, and in Boston met J. C. Howard. He brought back messages from all our friends, and says they have warm recollections of the time they lived in the far west. At the same meeting Mr. Koberstein also gave an account of the month he spent recently in California.

This week-end Oscar Sanders is spending on Camano Island, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Fredericksen, of Everett. Last week-end Mr. L. O. Christenson was on the same island, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Carl Garrison, Miss Sink and her sister and brother-in-law and a party of friends are also there now for a few days.

On Tuesday, August 11th, Mrs. Hanson and Mr. Morrow took advantage of the excursion route to Victoria every Tuesday and Thursday throughout the summer, and went there on the comfortable steamer Indianapolis, which used to be on the run between here and Tacoma, before the competition of buses and private cars put it out of commission. There was a large crowd of tourists and Seattle residents on the boat, and several from the University district. On arriving in Victoria we took passage on a gray line bus and were taken through pretty country scenery to see imposing Inlet, among them that of the lieutenant-governor, and went out to visit the famous Butchart's sunken gardens. The bus driver acted as guide and led the crowd through every bit of this fairland, which was made in the unsightly hole left by a cement factory. There are tiny waterfalls, bridges, pergolas, paths, little figures of dwarfs, gnomes and frogs, and it seemed to us about all the brilliantly colored flowers in the world. The boat left Victoria on the return trip at 6 P.M., arriving at Seattle well before midnight.

On Sunday, August 9th, we went up to Rainier National Park for the day, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bradbury and Oscar Sanders. We went in the family car, which Mr. Bradbury drove nearly all the way there and back. It was a day of crystal clearness, and the enormous mass of rock and snow stood out at Paradise Inn with such distinctness that we could easily locate the glaciers. We saw a number of squirrels so tame we could almost pick them up, and also two bears. There are a number of bears roaming the park, and if not molested they are peaceable. Mrs. Bradbury took a snapshot of one poised on a log and surveying the small crowd of tourists at the side of the road. He was so fat that he did not trouble to accept the various tidbits held out to tempt him. The young folks hiked up to the snow-line and played snowball.

Helen Hanson returned last Monday from her two weeks with the mountaineers on their regular summer outing in Garibaldi Park, B. C. She is well tanned and did a lot of climbing. The most dangerous peak, though not quite the highest, was Castle Towers. Helen was one of seven to climb this peak, and there were several accidents. The leader of the party slipped on a large sheet of snow, and went hurtling down, stopping himself by a miracle at the edge of the glacier, which was full of dangerous crevasses. One young girl slipped on a large smooth rock, and had her thumb badly hurt clinging to it till she was helped up. The same girl later had her forehead cut by a falling rock. The party was supposed to be back at camp by 5:30 P.M., the dinner hour, but it was fully five before they stood on the top of Castle Towers. Getting down to the lake, the engine of the motorboat refused to work, and they started to row across Daisy Lake, when their plight was observed from the other shore, and several recruits came in another motorboat and succored them. Arrived across the lake the dinnerless climbers were grateful for food, hot tea and blankets. They were escorted back to camp, where great anxiety for their safety had been felt. Dr. Meany, the president, had offered up a silent prayer for them. They reached camp at 11:30 P.M.

After the W. S. A. D. convention in Spokane the first part of July, Miss Genevieve Sink motored to Garfield and spent several days with Miss Ethel Newman. She also visited in Yakima and Portland before returning to Seattle. At one place she had a slight accident, running into a wire fence across the road before she saw it. Beyond some scratches and the broken glass over one of her lights she escaped injury.

Miss Doris Nation spent a week in Wenatchee with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Belser, who gave her a lovely time, taking her out for long auto rides. She returned by motor bus via Ellensburg, which she thought a lovely town. She is looking refreshed, though her friends are sorry her vacation was not longer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Waugh are about to enlarge their home. Some years ago, they built a fine large cement basement, and roofed it over temporarily. They have been living there ever since, but have determined to enlarge their quarters. The temporary roof will be taken off, and a story added above the basement. Mr. Robert Patterson will assist Mr. Waugh in putting up the frame work, and then the latter will do the remainder of the work himself.

Gallaudet Guild had a picnic in Woodland Park on August 16th, attended by about forty. The tables and stoves are not far from the zoo, and visits to the animals were made by nearly all at the picnic. A supper of hot beans, coffee and sundries, was laid on one of the long tables under the trees, and thoroughly enjoyed by all. Woodland Park continues to be a favorite outing spot with the people, and not any new innovation can displace it. The zoo, the ball park, the tennis courts, the rose gardens, the playgrounds, and the commercial attractions just outside the gates provide diversion for all tastes.

On August 9th, Miss Sophia Mullin had one of her charming little parties, at which she served the dainty refreshments for which her parties are well known. THE HANSONS.  
August 17, 1931.

## DETROIT

Mr. Frank Donovan, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has been visiting his friends at the clubs and was Mr. H. Crutch's guest for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Jones, their son, Edgar, and some hearing friends, whom Mr. Jones discovered had once lived in his old home town, Bancroft, Shawassee County, Mich., made a flying visit to that town and the surrounding countryside on Wednesday, August 19th, going by an automobile, arriving there in time for dinner.

Mr. Jones met several of his boyhood friends, who were overjoyed to see him after thirty-nine years of absence, and who informed him of the many old friends who had passed on to another world, of those who had moved away and prospered in worldly goods, etc., etc., but unlike Rip Van Winkle, he found the general appearance of the town about the same, as when he left it, with the exception of his old home, which was built by his father, and was formerly a hotel. It has been remodeled into a residence, and all resemblance of the old home obliterated. They report a splendid time for the trip. It took 221 miles for the round-trip. They stopped for supper at Grand Blanc on their way home, by way of Owosso and Flint.

Mr. Alfred E. Arnot, of Chicago, Ill., took an excursion trip to Detroit, to make a three-days' visit with his sisters and friends. He dropped in at both clubs on Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. C. C. Colby had a card party at her daughter's residence last Friday evening. Mesdames Rbeiner and MacLachlan were the winners. Mrs. Colby's daughter, Ruth, and her little son, of Washington, D. C., stayed with them for two weeks and will return to Washington by next week, as they are going to stop in Buffalo, N. Y., and will visit Niagara Falls.

Mr. Frank Japes, beloved husband of Ida Japes and dear father of William Anthony, Aloysius, Leo, Frank and Mary Elizabeth, passed away on Friday. Funeral services were held on Tuesday at St. Anthony's Church. Burial at Mt. Olivet.

Mrs. Luther Hartsell, of Durham, N. C., is visiting her daughter and was a guest of Mrs. A. Schneider.

Mrs. Brimble, of Chicago, Ill., is spending several weeks with her son. She was one of the out-of-town visitors at River Rouge Park picnic, which was given by the Cadillac Association of the Deaf.

On August 22d, the C. A. D. had an outing picnic at the same location at River Rouge Park. Refreshments were served and the games were played. Many out-of-town visitors were there. About 125 people gathered there. Mr. Geo. May was the assistant chairman, taking Mr. Affeldt's place, while he was absent.

Mesdames Eickhoff, of Flint, and Blanche Kresin, of Port Huron, were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Behrendt two weeks ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Sparrow took Mr. and Mrs. A. LaBlanc and one child to visit Niagara Falls, then

they drove through Toronto, Canada, and spent several days with the latter's sister and family last week.

Mrs. C. C. Colby and her daughters entertained Mesdames Ball, Behrendt, Sadows, Riberdy, Lob-singer, Whitehead and B. Beaver with a lovely luncheon, at St. John's Church cafeteria on Tuesday, August 18th. The favors were novelty bracelets. Mrs. Beaver and Mrs. Behrendt won the prizes for Japanese rummy, a lovely chiffon scarf and a finger ring. Mrs. Colby and her Detroit friends are making the most of her visit here, having a delightful round of good times. Her daughter and family, the Verniers of Washington, have been visiting here for two weeks. Mr. Vernier's parents also live here, at Grosse Pointe.

The Misses Marguerite Graf and Marion Potts spent their vacations with their parents at Brighton and Peck. They had a good time at the nearby resort, Island Lake, and brought back new complexion.

Harold Lundgren, the D. A. D.'s barber, and Tony-Czubeck, baseball captain, were given a joint birthday party by a few friends on August 15th. Harold received some barber supplies and Tony was "handed the mitten" for losing most of the games played this year. The party was at the La-Tondress home.

Crutch has again gone back to Kentucky, having failed to convince Henry Ford that the latter needed his services. Crutch was told to call at Fair Acres, the Ford estate, which he did; and the butler sent him around to the back door. Crutch doesn't say what happened there.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Purviance and Art Hinch motored to Tiffin, O., to visit the Herrigs, who came back with them.

Dennis LaPorte visited his parents in London for a week; and G. Worley, and Fred Egler visited theirs, on the shores of Lake Michigan. Being from the same shore ourselves, we envy them the trip. Detroit is O. K., except that it has no good old Lake Michigan attached.

Rev. Waters' sister, Mrs. Hoy, of St. Louis, Mo., spent a week here and took back little Marjorie Waters, who attends public school there. Billy Waters, the second son, was successful in getting a driver's license, and is reported to be a good driver.

Max Crittenden is again a grass-widower, his wife and baby having gone to her sister's in Indiana for an extended visit.

Mrs. Ben Beaver entertained at luncheon and cards at her home on Marlowe Avenue, August 19th. Mrs. Colby, Mrs. Behrendt and Mrs. Heymanson won the prizes. Those present were Mesdames Berry, Waters, Hoy, Heymanson, Colby, Crough, McSparrin, Buby, J. Hellers, Ryan, Lob-singer, Crittenden, Heide, Vernier, and the Misses Anderson and Cole.

The Detroit Association of the Deaf is located along the line of march of the American Legion, which meets here in September, so the club will likely be the mecca of the deaf who wish to get a glimpse of General Pershing and his miles and miles of heroes.

Harry Hinkle, of Cleveland, is spending his vacation here.

A farewell reception was given by the C. A. D. in honor of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Buxton, last Friday evening. They are going to leave on September 7th, for Cleveland, to stay there for ten weeks then go to Philadelphia, Pa., and Baltimore, Md.

MRS. LUCY MAY.

One of Barnum's Tricks

There are many stories—some apocryphal no doubt, but all amusing—about the great showman, P. T. Barnum. For one of them Mr. Moreton Frewen, the English economist, is responsible.

Once, he says, on arriving in New York he found the city placarded by Barnum with huge posters announcing that the last of the buffalo herds, brought from Montana, would be on view in his New Jersey show on a certain day. At that time the only way of getting from New York to New Jersey was by taking one of a fleet of huge steam ferries that plied to and fro across the Hudson River.

The day arrived, and such a vast throng crowded the ferries that, although the fare—normally twenty-five cents—was doubled, there was still barely standing room on the boats. When the great show was crammed to its extreme capacity Barnum himself announced through a megaphone that the buffalo herd had stampeded when only a few miles away at Trenton, but that every disappointed sightseer there would receive back his entrance fee as he went out through the turnstiles. He hoped that a free view of his beasts and of the tattooed lady would compensate them for their disappointment.

A little later it leaked out that the shrewd showman had hired all the ferry boats that day between New York and Jersey City and had made a small fortune out of the credulous New York crowd.

If you have talent and patience, you can accomplish anything.

## FANWOOD

A flotilla of big coal trucks have been going to and fro for several days past, bringing in our winter supply of some sixteen hundred tons, which they deposit in the storage bins under the boys' parade ground.

This ground used to be a steep slope down to the power house. Making the storage bins brought the ground to a level with the other land. The only reminder of the slope is a small stretch about twenty-five feet long, which Carmine Sacchaponi and Michael Cascino, our boiler stokers, have transformed into a beauty spot. It is a combined flower and truck garden. There are blossoming borders and a centerpiece of zinnas and cannas lilies, while the rest of the slope is given over to tomatoes, which are now laden with the luscious, vegetable fruit.

They have also erected a canopied bench along the small tramway to the coal bins, and there is an aquarium of gold fish on one hand, and of toads and turtles on the left.

A trickle of dripping water into the bowls gives a touch of country realism to the whole, and on hot nights while Carmine goes in and stokes the boilers to cool off, Mike sits on the bench, mops his brow, and visualizes scenes in Sunny Italy as he reaches behind for a tomato or two.

By the way, with school starting two weeks hence, wise Peter Egler, our gardener, opines that there won't be any tomatoes left after the opening day.

Principal Gardner and family are enjoying the days at their seaside cottage at Madison, Ct. Mr. Gardner's daughter, Mrs. Harris L. Wofford, and children, Harris, Jr., and Anne, are there too. Mr. Wofford and Mr. Esmond B. Gardner motor up for week-ends. Mr. Gardner has improved very much in the three months he has been there.

Major Van Tassel is back at his desk, after a few days in the cloudland atop the Catskill Mountains at Stamford, N. Y. No need to look up at the heavens at such a high altitude. Yes, you've guessed it—the Major had his eyes most of the time on a small white pellet on the ground and watching it sail along the fairways.

The new hot water system in the power house is all in place now, and Engineer MacFall and his assistant, Knut Karlson, are justified in being proud of the outfit. The water tank is an immense affair, holding 2500 gallons, and is sixteen feet long and five feet in diameter. It rests on two concrete concrete supports and is finished with a glistening coat of aluminum paint, which makes it look like a small dirigible. The painting was done by Guerinio Sacchaponi.

Solomon Garson had a day off last week, and true to tradition, came over to the *JOURNAL* office where he could still get a smell of printer's ink. Solomon is one of Fanwood's boys who acquired a good foundation at his trade and is able to hold his own in the business world.

Mrs. Mayme Voorhees, girls' physical director, finished her course at Johns Hopkins University last month, and is enjoying the remainder of her vacation with the home folks at Ulster, Pa.

William Lynch, a pupil of the Mt. Airy, Pa., school, was a visitor last week, in company with William Nixon.

Austin Fogarty Injured

The following was clipped from the *Glen Cove Record* and tells of an accident met by Austin Fogarty:—

Austin Fogarty, of 17 Woolsey Avenue, Glen Cove, is in the North County Community Hospital with a fractured hip as the result of an insatiable curiosity.

Fogarty is an employee on the Pratt estate and was returning home from a trip to Brooklyn with Edward Lambertson, of Burns Avenue. The two were driving on Northern Boulevard early Monday morning when Fogarty's curiosity was aroused by a strange object on the highway.

He decided to investigate the matter, and as he bent over to inspect the object, a car came up from behind and knocked him down. Both men are deaf and could not hear the approaching vehicle. The car which hit Fogarty was owned by Joseph Cucula, of 50 Nassau Avenue, Glen Cove, and was operated by Carmello Milano, of 84 Douglas Street, Brooklyn.

Lambertson and Fogarty continued on to Glen Cove after securing the license number of the car. They appeared at police headquarters and told Sergeant William Halloran all about the affair in their most graphic manner.

Fogarty was bleeding profusely by this time, and Halloran sent the injured man to the North County Community Hospital, where it was discovered that his hip was fractured.

Mrs. Henry Fritz and her daughter, Hazel, of Glendale, Cal., motored to San Francisco, Oregon, Seattle, Wash., and Vancouver, B. C., with her other married daughter and her husband last June. They stopped at Anacortes, Wash., to see Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Himmelschein and found them doing finely. Mrs. Fritz and her daughter enjoyed every minute of their wonderful trip to the North.



## GALLAUDET HOME

On the lovely morning of June 29th, Francis W. Nubser went to pick cherries from a tree some distance west of the house. When he reached the tree he saw that there was a ladder standing up against it, which he climbed. When he was about fifteen feet above the ground, one side of the ladder sank in the soft soil and Francis was thrown to the ground. He fell on his back and his injuries were quite severe. Had the ground where he fell been pavement or hard ground it is doubtful if he would be alive today. After being in the infirmary several days, he was able to be around as usual, though he still suffered from pains in his back, and may continue to be annoyed by such pains for a long time. On the very day of this sad accident, Robert Kersetter came here. He was accompanied by Mrs. J. Casella, who had come to live here for the remainder of her days.

On the Fourth of July, the members of the family and the personnel of the home had their supper out on the lawn right in front of the house. They like the dining room much better, as it is shadier and cooler than out of doors. In the evening the matron and her assistants made a display of some very beautiful fireworks, which interested and amused the residents immensely. Mr. W. W. Thomas, of Yonkers, spent the Fourth here. On the Fifth he took a snapshot of Miss Catherine McGirr with the house dog, Laddie, lying down near her. She loves the dog very much. Miss McGirr procures books in Braille from the New York State Institute Library in Albany, and is now reading Miss Helen Keller's works. Her brother, Charles, was here to see her on July 19th.

On July 11th, some forty or fifty Sunday School children had their picnic out on the lawn here, having been invited to hold it here. Their teachers and guardians generously gave the matron enough ice-cream for the household. Had there been a lake on the grounds, the children would have enjoyed themselves much better.

Mrs. W. Kohl's daughter and son-in-law came to see her parents on July 13th. They are expecting to have a care next year, as they would like to come and see their parents often.

Rev. Boll, the Brooklyn, N. Y., divine, who was on his way to Connecticut on Saturday, August 8th, halted here for a couple of hours to see Mrs. Kollenbaum. My friend, Barney Kindel, accompanied Rev. Boll. Barney was on his way to Kingston, N. Y. He now runs a sign-painting shop of his own and feels he is doing a rather prosperous business. Barney left Fanwood school five years ago.

In July, Mr. Samuel Gardner cut his eight acres of wheat, which he uses for the hens and chickens. During the summer months he hires only two men to help do his work. If it were not for his farm machinery, the reaper, sower, and tractor, he would be in need of almost a dozen farmhands. Even with the use of the mower and corn-cutter and the other machinery, farming is hard work. The reaper was invented a hundred years ago. It is a wonderful and marvelous machine, and its workings seem almost human. It cuts and binds a bunch of wheat, oats, or rye, as quick as you can wink your eye. A blind person may have a vague idea of the wonderful way the reaper cuts down the golden grain and makes it into sheaves, but as for me, who lived on a farm in Ontario, Can., during my childhood, I saw the reaper perform its functions many a time. Samuel Gardner has been manager of the farmstead for the past thirteen years. He is a well-educated man with many friends, and is a good farmer. He lives in the farmhouse with his wife and daughter, Marcia, who teaches school in Newburgh. Samuel sees to the wants of the home in one way or another. He keeps it supplied with milk and vegetables, and every morning he takes a quantity of the milk to the market in Wappingers Falls. He uses the language of signs and the manual alphabet nearly as well as a deaf-mute.

During the latter days of July and the early days of August, the folks up here suffered much from the intense heat and humidity. Quite often the mercury was as high as the ninetieth degree. I rejoice to say that we are not annoyed by mosquitoes. They seem to keep away from the house, or if there are plenty of them around the window screens keep them out. It was some time in the year 1894, if I recollect rightly, that the late Mr. Curtis Wilcox, who was then steward of Fanwood school, found himself in want of a house steward. One day he happened to be down at the big Webber butchery, and while there was introduced to a young Englishman, a giant in stature, who had lately come to America to seek his fortune, and who was working for Mr. Webber. Mr. Wilcox asked him to come and be house steward at Fanwood and he consented to do so, and so since then that young Englishman has been the house steward of Fanwood. His name is George Wilkinson.

George is now about sixty-three years of age. He married before coming to America. His three children, two girls and a boy, are all married. His daughter, Blanche, who was born

in England, married at the age of seventeen and has six children. She lives near Scotch Plains. George's son recently sold his house and went to reside in California. At Fanwood, George, who was affable and generous in his ways, is liked by all who know him. A few years ago, George's father, who lived in the County of York, in England, died and left George a part of his farm and a certain amount of money.

Rev. Guilbert Braddock and wife were here for a couple of days, the first week in August.

STANLEY ROBINSON.

## Atlantic City

Atlantic City is aptly described as The World's Playground. It is an all year health resort.

In years past it was not an uncommon occurrence on a Sunday to find gathered at the beach fronting Childs Restaurant one hundred or more deaf-mutes. They came from all parts of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and a goodly number from New York.

This year probably owing to the depression there has not been so many.

The largest number, was on Sunday, the 9th of August. The majority were from Philadelphia and New Jersey. Among the latter we met Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt C. Staats, of West Orange, N. J., and Arthur Taber, of Plainfield, N. J. The latter is well-known to New Yorkers. He spent the major part of the day in bathing, and declared that there is no better beach than at Atlantic City. In the evening, before he left for home, in company with Anthony Capelle, made some observations, but not much, of the city. He was directed to the "Radio Cafe" on New York Avenue, but, alas! it was on Tennessee Avenue, near the board walk. The man in charge is conversant with the deaf-mute language, his father being a deaf-mute. It is a small place, and if there were a Radio, we failed to see it. Arthur was more than pleased to find the place, and when he comes again he says he will surely call again, as he wants, feeling at home in conversing with a man, who understands the deaf.

By the way, the place is the frequent meeting place of deaf-mutes. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Menendez, of Philadelphia, with their son were met on the board walk. Mr. Menendez is a shoemaker, owning his own shop. His son is home for the vacation, but in the fall return to the Mt. Airy School, having two years yet before graduation.

Those who come to Atlantic City are reminded by place-cards booklets, etc., that no matter what the season, a ride between Atlantic City and Ocean City is enjoyable, as well as healthful, and invigorating. There is always something to interest visitors on the board walk.

It is called "A Realistic Utopia," where health, longevity and recreation can be obtained.

When Sir Thomas Moore wrote "Utopia," and described in a brilliant and graphic manner, an imaginary island, where the most perfect system of laws and institutions existed, he could have written it today, if he lived on Absecon Island, where nature laws are ideal and supreme for the health and welfare of mankind.

Absecon Island is a true Utopia island of health, and this fact is strongly exemplified in a recent press article by Dr. C. Shivers, nationally known authority on oxygen and pine air, a geological condition existing here.

It was tempting indeed to make the trip from Atlantic City to Ocean City, so one day last week, I seated myself in one of the high-speed and comfortable electric cars owned by the "Shore Fast Line," and decided to see the effect. Leaving Atlantic City board walk, at Virginia Avenue, from which a thirty-minute service is run through the pine-belt to Ocean City, we speeded through a long stretch of meadows toward Pleasantville (what a harmonious name), obtaining an unusual view of the way, I became greatly enthused and exhilarated every minute.

ANTHONY CAPELLE.

## "Fiddling" for Worms

On a recent trip to Florida, writes a correspondent, I saw something that was new to me. I was stopping at my uncle's in Lynn Haven near St. Andrew Bay on the Gulf shore. While sitting on the piazza I had frequently noticed an old colored couple going past at about the same time every day; he always had a shingle and a heavy hard pine stick under his arm, and she carried a tin can. One day out of curiosity I inquired where they were going and what for.

"They are going to fiddle for worms," my uncle replied. "Come and see how it is done."

We walked a little way on the opposite side of the street and saw the old couple turn into a vacant field where the grass grew sparsely and in tufts. The old darkey drove the thin end of his shingle into the ground until it was firm; then he began to draw the heavy stick across the top of it, making a most unearthly noise: *Ka-roo-roo-up! Ka-roo-roo-up!* The noise grew worse as the old fellow warmed to his work.

Presently his wife began to walk in a circle round him, picking up something that she put into the can.

We went over where they were, and, unbelievable as it may seem, she was picking up worms that apparently had come up out of the ground at the call of the "music." I measured one that was ten and a half inches long. No one there digs worms for bait; they "fiddle" for them.

## Serious Enough, However

Applicants for positions on the police force of a certain Middle Western town are of course required to undergo a careful physical examination. During the examination of one candidate the physician asked: "What did your grandfather die of?"

The applicant looked nonplussed for a moment and finally admitted that he did not remember. But in order that his own record be not too seriously compromised he hastened to add, "Anyway, I know that it was nothing serious."

## Many Reasons Why You Should be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. Y. S. D., meets in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday of each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested, write Nicholas J. McDermott, Secretary, 1567 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Manhattan Division, No. 87 National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, John N. Funk, 1913 Fowler Ave., Bronx, New York City.

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D. The value of Life Insurance is the best proposition in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape. Meets at Ebling's Casino, East 156 Street and St. Ann's Avenue, Bronx, New York City, first Friday of each month. If interested, write for information to division secretary, Louis C. Saracene, 686 St. Ann's Ave., Bronx, New York City.

Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc. Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month. Information can be had from Dr. A. Felix Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City; or Mrs. Anna Sturtz, Secretary, 988 Whitlock Avenue, N. Y. Religious Services held every Friday evening, eighty-third. Classes every Wednesday evening. Socials and movies first and third Sunday evenings.

Clerc Literary Association Founded September 22, 1865

3120 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Object: Moral and intellectual advancement and social enjoyment of the members.

Every Thursday evening, at 8:15 o'clock the year round. Visitors and strangers are cordially welcome to visit the club rooms. Arthur Fowler, President; Mrs. D. F. Speece, Secretary, 3120 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harry E. Stevens, Treasurer.

Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf

Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn. Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 P. M., at the H. E. S. English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn. Irving Blumenthal, President; William Schurman, Secretary, 1700 Carroll Street, Brooklyn.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City Rev. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Vicar Beginning Sunday, June 14th, the services at St. Ann's will be held at 11 A. M. through the summer. No afternoon services until next September.

Office Hours:—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoon, 2 to 4:30. Evenings, 8 to 10. Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th Street, New York City. Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P. M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Jacob M. Elin, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets first Thursday of each month at the Church of the Messiah, 80 Greene Ave., cor. Clermont. Gates Ave. car stops at door.

SOCIALS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

October 31—Halloween Party. Mrs. E. Schnakenberg. November 21—Harvest Food Sale. Mr. C. Fitzpatrick. December 26—Christmas Festival. Mrs. C. Fitzpatrick.

Mrs. CHARLES FITZPATRICK, Chairman.

Evangelical Assn. of the Deaf

UNION SERVICES FOR ALL THE DEAF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister. Mr. Daniel E. Moran, Assistant

Every Sunday

Bible Class 2 P. M. Worship and Sermon 3 P. M. Methodist Church, Hope and Eighth Streets, Room 15.

Address all communications to the E. A. D., 3955 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles.

A hearty welcome to all the deaf

Detroit Association of the Deaf

Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich. Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Friday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, Inc.

4802 Broadway CHICAGO, ILLINOIS Out-of-town visitors are welcome. Business meetings—First Saturdays. Entertainments, Socials, Receptions—Second, Third and Fourth Saturdays.

Club open Thursdays, Saturdays and

## FOURTH ANNUAL

# MASQUERADE BALL

Under auspices of

## NEW HAVEN DIVISION, No. 25

N. F. S. D.

## MONTEWESE HALL

210 MEADOW ST., NEW HAVEN, CT.

Saturday November 21, 1931

Doors open at 7 P. M.

CASH PRIZES FOR BEST COSTUMES

DANCING—Music by one of the best local orchestras

Admission, 75 Cents. Under 14 Years, 40 Cents

## MASQUERADE and BALL

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

## Manhattan Division No. 87

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

TO BE HELD AT

## ODD FELLOWS MEMORIAL HALL

309 Schermerhorn Street, near Nevins Street

(Heart of Brooklyn)

## SPECIAL FEATURES

Cash Prizes for the Most Funny Costumes

Most Represented Club Contest

Most Popular Girl Contest

Dancing Contest

Saturday Evening, Nov. 21st, 1931

TICKET (In advance) 75c. At Door \$1.00

Directions:—Take any I. R. T. train to Nevins Street Station or any B. M. T. train to DeKalb Avenue Station.

## SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

Investment Bonds  
168 West 86th Street  
New York City  
Correspondent of  
LEE HIGGINSON & COMPANY

Plan to have gold in your pocket when there's silver in your hair!

Don't say, it's a bother or that you can't afford it. You don't know!

Let me show you the best life-insurance investment you will ever get.

No extra charge for deafness. Free medical examination.

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Residence: 1801 Seventh Ave.

## SILENT MOVIES

(Photographed by Sal Anzalone)

H. A. D. Rye Beach, Hess Indian Beach, Ride to Gallaudet Home, Xavier Ephpheta Society at Long Beach, Ridgewood Club at Bear Mountain, Brooklyn Frats at Ulmer Park, Trenton and Westchester's Football Game, etc.

Sunday Night, October 11, 1931

AT

Tavern Hall, 308 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

TIME 5 TO 8 P. M., ALSO 8 TO 11 P. M.

Admission, 25 Cents

Reserved

BRONX DIV., No. 92, N. F. S. D.

October 31, 1931.

December 19, 1931.

Reserved for

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23

Saturday evening, March 13, 1932.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

FOLLOW THE BIG CROWD TO THE

# PICNIC and GAMES

auspices of

## Brooklyn Division, No. 23

N. F. S. D.

at

## ULMER PARK

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Take B. M. T. West End trains to 25th Ave. station, then walk two blocks to the park.

Saturday, August 29, 1931

AFTERNOON AND EVENING

(Gate opens at 1 o'clock)

## FEATURE ATTRACTIONS

BASEBALL GAME—Brooklyn Div. 23 vs. Bronx Div. 92 (Return challenge)

100 Yard Dash 440 Yard Dash 100 Yard Fat Men's Race (Frats only)  
First and Second—Cash Prizes 1 Mile Relay Race (Cup) Games for Boys and Girls  
2 Mile Run (8 laps) 5 Cash Prizes (Open to all)

## Extra Feature for Fraternal Divisions

TUG-OF-WAR

(Enter your Division team at once)

DANCING CONTEST CASH PRIZES

UNSURPASSED ORCHESTRA MUSIC

ALSO PROFESSIONAL VAUDEVILLE ACTS AT NIGHT

Admission (at gate) - - - - - Fifty Cents

MOSES E. JOSEPHS, Chairman, 8201 19th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

# BALL and BAZAAR

under the auspices of

## St. Mary's Ephpheta Society of Connecticut

to be held at

## ST. PETER'S HALL

MAIN STREET, HARTFORD, CT.

Saturday, September 26, 1931

7:30 o'clock P. M.

Admission, 50 Cents

HOW TO REACH THE HALL:—When you come out of the R. R. station, take any car or bus going in the direction of the city. Get off at corner of Pearl and Main Streets, in front of Alderman's Drug store, where all cars and busses stop. Walk across Pearl Street. Stand near the big clock at the corner. Take a Zion Street car, or Wethersfield Ave. car, or Franklin Ave. car, or Park Ave. car. All will stop in front of St. Peter's Church (a large, brown brick structure), near a small park. St. Peter's Hall is to the right of the church.

# F A I R

under auspices of

## Woman's Parish Aid Society

to be held at

## ST. ANN'S PARISH HOUSE

511 West 148th Street, New York City

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

November 13 and 14, 1931

HOME COOKED DINNER, SATURDAY

6 to 8 P. M.

Admission, 10 Cents

ANNA M. KLAUS, Chairman.

# "FROLIK NITE"

under the auspices of

## Hartford Divison, No. 37

N. F. S. D.

to be held at

## ODD FELLOWS HALL

420 Main St., Hartford, Ct.

Saturday, October 24, 1931

Doors open at 7:30 P. M.

WALTZ CONTEST CASH PRIZES

ENTERTAINMENT ORCHESTRA REFRESHMENTS

Admission, - - - Fifty Cents

Under 14 years of age at half price

IT'S GOING TO BE A JOLLY AFFAIR FOR YOUNG AND OLD

## THE FANWOOD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

will have a

## CARD PARTY

"500" and Whist

Saturday Eve., October 24, 1931

AT FANWOOD

163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue

LYDIA RAFFOLT, Chairman.

## Dramatic Entertainment

under the joint auspices of

W. P. A. S. -- Men's Club

V. B. G. A.

St. Ann's Auditorium

October 17, 1931

[PARTICULARS LATER]

## CHARLES J. SANFORD

Member No. 23, N. F. S. D.

MANUFACTURER OF FINE

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